THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers, NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. {

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1538.

Choice Poetry.

TO AN ABSENT HUSBAND.

Dearest, come home! I cannot bear
 Thy long protracted stay,
So sad and lonely is my heart
 When thou art gone away.
I've tried, alas! how vainly tried,
 Thine absence to forget,
Yet still I can but think of thee
 With kindness and regret.

As mourns the gentle cooing dove
 In accents desolate,
When forced by some unkindly hand
 Far from her loving mate—
So through the chambers of my heart
 Echoes a mournful tone,
While every pulse affection beats,
 Re-echoes, "I'm alone."

Things that are bright, when thou art here,
 Look dark and gloomy now,
And nature seems to share my grief
 With clouds upon her brow.
The bird sings now a sadder song
 Than e'er he sang before,
And flowers have lost the sunny hue
 They once so sweetly wore.

To wile the weary hours away
 That lag with leaden feet,
I read thy favorite authors o'er,
 Their choicest parts repeat;
But even books, those voiceless friends,
 Have lost all charms for me,
And fail to cheer my heart, unless
 I read them, love, with thee.

And music, with her voice so sweet,
 I've called her to my aid,
And soft and low, with trembling hand,
 Thy favorite air I've played.
But ah! those tender notes have stirred
 Affection's fountains deep,
And sadly have I left my song
 To think of thee, and weep.

Then gloomy thoughts their dismal shade
 O'er brightest objects fling,
How true it is—a saddened heart
 Can sadden every thing!
Then, dearest, come, thy wife's fond heart
 Still warmly beats for you—
A heart whose every throbbing pulse
 Is faithful, fond and true.

Louisville Journal.

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE: OR, THE FOSTER SISTERS. A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

NEW YEAR'S MORNING AT PROSPECT HALL.

There's not a mind, not wearied [illegible] of care,
But on this day shall smile through all their care,
And revel in transport and rude harmony.

[illegible]

Very grand and beautiful, though very simple, was the "prospect" from the front vestibule of the hall, which commanded a view of the smoothly descending sweep of the snow-clad hill and plains, stretching many miles to Chesapeake Bay, which formed the boundary of the Eastern horizon, and whose dark waters were now a-blaze with the splendor of the risen sun.

Here upon this morning in the vestibule, smiling, stood Judge Washington, and from all parts of the plantation, coming up the hill in their gay holiday attire were seen his people—men, women and children coming to wish their venerated master and his family a Happy Year, and to receive from his hands some appropriate token of regard. "Happy New Year! Judge!" "Happy New Year! marster!" "Happy New Year, sir! and many returns of 'em!" sounded now from all sides, as the people came up the marble stairs and crowded around their master.

But she, the idolized young mistress, who had stood by his side a week before, on Christmas day, was absent; and as their inquiring glances went about, and sly smiles were exchanged—for they judged the cause of her absence by the happy expression of their master's countenance—Judge Washington said—

"Wish me joy, my people, upon another happy occasion—the birth of my grand-daughter Virginia!"

And then a shout went up into the air! And the Judge was cheered! And the young mother! And the child!

"But where is Adam Hawk?" inquired the old gentleman.

"We have not seen him this morning, sir!"

"He was disturbed last night. He has probably over-slept himself this morning. You, Prince, must do his office upon this occasion," said Judge Washington, placing a heavy purse in the hand of his confidential attendant. "Distribute this among your fellow servants, and God bless you all!—and stay! Where is Bruin, my good Bruin? I do not see him!"

"We have not seen him at the house this morning, sir—'hope he's at Blackthorn's."

"Prince, send some one to bid him come to me—I have Spurzheim's Philosophy for him."

"Yes, sir! yes! 'mediately, sir! Dull! do you come here! Run now as fast as you can go to Blackthorn's, and 'form Bruin that young marster has spurs and a hoss for him," said this deputy, in a low voice, to his messenger.

"Now go, my people, and enjoy your holiday, and God be with you!" said the Judge, turning towards the house.

"God bless Judge Washington, and all his name!" shouted the dispersing crowd.

Judge Washington turned to see, bowing low before him, hat in hand, the tall, gaunt figure of Adam Hawk, with his gray locks streaming on the wind.

"Happy New Year, my good friend! I was just inquiring for you, missing you from this, my patriarchal gathering of the clans, and supposing you to be sleeping off your fatigue. I hope you have not shortened your morning's rest upon my account; for you look rather weary. Cover, my good Adam! cover, this crisp morning! Your gray hair, like mine, looks not so well romping with the wind, as Mary's chesnut locks might look. And now I see you again—indeed, Adam, you look haggard. You have lost too much sleep. Come in and take a glass of egg-nog to Mary's health, and then go home and go to bed," said the Judge.

But Adam Hawk bowed again more lowly than before, and said,

"You see before you a stricken man this morning, Judge! Verily the hand of God has fallen heavily upon me!"

"Adam, old friend, you speak solemnly. You alarm me! I trust no evil has befallen you since last night."

"My child, sir, who was lost, is found again: but was found in the snow, and her corse lies now at my house!"

"Adam! My heaven! Adam! what do you tell me!"

"Her mother, sir, overwhelmed by the shock, is dying."

Judge Washington gazed silently at the speaker with a countenance stolid with surprise and compassion.

"That, sir, is the excuse I offer for not being early at my duty this morning."

"Adam Hawk, I pity you from the very bottom of my heart. Adam, I am deeply wounded by your griefs."

"There is no use in that, sir."

"Good friend! command me. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, Judge, since there is no withstanding the Almighty."

"Let there be no rebelling then, Adam, against the Almighty; no doubting the All-wise; no murmuring against the All-merciful—He wounds to heal. I, too, Adam, as you know—I and mine have been smitten to the dust, but we have been raised again. Earth has remedies for almost every other affliction—God only for those that come by death." Adam bowed lowly and remained silent. Judge Washington continued, "Resign yourself, Adam; not as a prisoner to the sentence of a Judge, but as a little child to the discipline of his father."

Again Adam inclined his head, and saying,

"Permit me now to return to the bedside of my dying wife," turned to depart.

"God be with you, Adam. Call on me for any service you may need. I will be down to see you in a few hours."

Adam Hawk departed, and Judge Washington re-entered the mansion, and proceeded to the bed-chamber of his daughter-in-law.

Mary was sitting up in bed, supported by downy white pillows, and her sweet, wan face looked even fairer, for the soft shade of the delicate lace cap—and beautiful, far more beautiful, for the heavenly love and still joy beaming from her countenance—upon the babe sleeping before her. As her "father," as she called him, entered the room, Mary held out one hand to him, and as he came to the side of the bed, she murmured in low tones, full of deep emotion,

"I am *so* happy! Oh, my beloved, my venerated father! my second *good*, father bless *thy* child and *her* child!"

"I *do* bless thee every day I live, my Mary—and again I bless thee. May God be ever in thy heart, and love and truth be ever on thy lips as now, my Mary!"

"I am *so* happy! I am *so* grateful! My heart fills to breaking with its wish, its *need* to do God some good service! I am so happy! I am so grateful! Oh, my father! what shall I render unto the Lord for all His mercies?"

"'The cattle upon a thousand hills are the Lord's! The whole earth, and the fullness thereof are His. Yea, the heavens and the majesty thereof are the Lord's,'" said Judge Washington, contemplating the lovely young mother with a sweet solemnity of brow.

"What, then, shall I render unto the Lord for all His mercies—since all that is His of right."

The patriarch bent over her, and with a countenance and in tones full of blessing, said,

"My daughter! 'thou shalt LOVE the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and all thy soul, and all thy strength.' That which we frail creatures—created by a breath, and by a breath destroyed—that which *we* beg for in every act and word and thought—the Supreme Sovereign of the Universe Himself in His lone Omnipotence pleads for—LOVE. 'My son, my daughter, give me thy HEART!' Mary! above and before all things raise thy soul and the soul of thy child in love to the Universal Father, and all good else will follow of itself."

"Oh! I do, I do and shall! and it *has* made me happy, and *will* make me so, but—a barren love! Oh, father! when my soul burns to *do* something!"

"'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' there is large room in that, my Mary!"

They were interrupted by a knock at the door. Judge Washington stepped to the door and opened it partly. Bruin, the Deformed, appeared and said a few words in a low voice. "Certainly—remain below stairs a few minutes, Bruin," were the only words of the colloquy that Mary heard—and these were spoken by the Judge, who, closing the door returned, and seating himself by the bed, said,

"Mary, my dear daughter, I have something to tell you—something that, in your present state, perhaps, you should not hear—but which duty nevertheless constrains me to reveal. I will rely upon your self-command and fortitude as well as upon your strength of nerve."

"Well, father! Margaret! It is about Margaret!" said Mary, in a low voice, but growing very pale.

"My dear Mary—remember yourself now—be calm."

"I am, I am, father! But—Margaret!"

"Has passed away from earth."

Mary sank backwards upon her pillow, pressed both open hands to her brow, remained perfectly still for a little while, and then uncovering her face, said,

"The circumstances, father!"

"She returned home last night, died in her mother's arms—died in the hope of a blessed immortality, and blessing with her last breath you and your child, my Mary!"

"Father! My nurse—her mother! How is it with her?"

"Mary, you knew her state!"

"Yes—yes!"

"The slight tenure by which she held her life?"

"Well—well?"

"She blessed her dying child—received her last breath, and—"

"*She, too, died!*" said Mary, convulsively clasping her hands, and then with an effort controlling herself, while she repeated, "She, too, died!"

"No, my Mary, she lives yet, but her life is despaired of."

"Ah, my dear nurse! My tender friend!"

"I have a message from her for you, Mary!"

"Tell it to me, father! the message of the dying—"

"Listen then, Mary; Margaret left a babe of four weeks old!"

"A babe! Oh, poor, poor thing! Oh, poor, poor thing! Mother and babe! How it must have tortured the soul of Margaret to leave her babe behind! And oh, the poor, poor, helpless, most destitute innocent!" said Mary, with the tears bathing her face. Tears—such tears are not dangerous, and so they did not alarm Judge Washington or stay his speech.

"It is in behalf of this destitute babe that the dying mother sends you this message—she implores that for the sake of all her tender care of you in your infancy—for the sake of the dead Margaret, and for the sake of God—you will care for the orphan babe who is cast off by her grandfather—and see to its being put in a place of safe nurture. And, my Mary, it is because the poor woman cannot die peacefully without a promise brought to her from your own lips that I have ventured to risk disturbing *you*."

"Thank you, dear father! Wise and good father, thank you for telling me!"

"Bruin waits to take your answer back, my Mary!"

"Let him hasten and tell my dear nurse that I take her Margaret's babe—my sister's baby to my own bosom, and think that God has given me twins! And let him tell her that I come myself to assure her of it with my own lips!"

The Judge left the room, and soon returned, saying,

"I did your bidding, Mary, in regard to the first part of your message, but for the last, my love, it is impossible, you know; you cannot go!"

"Ah, father! do not you say so. You have faith and courage! You know that God will protect me if I rely upon Him while venturing anything for the sake of good."

"My dear Mary, my love, my darling, consider. You would risk your life, unnecessarily; that would be rash and presumptuous."

"Ah, no, father! not to give peace to my dying friend, would be unnecessary, rash or presumptuous."

"But you would run a fearful risk, my dear Mary."

"Ah, father! is not that what nurse would call a 'notion'—that tender fear of yours; see, father, how strong and well I am, for all my ephemeral look—and see how much I have already gone through, which, thanks to God and to your sustaining aid, has not impaired my bodily health."

"That you know of, my love; but, Mary! this exposure at such a time; ah, my child! you must not think of it! you must give it up. I myself will go and see poor Mrs. Hawk, and deliver, literally, any message you send, and promise anything you wish in your name," said the Judge, with affectionate earnestness and gravity.

Mary raised her pleading eyes to his, and placed her delicate hands together, and said in an imploring voice,

"Father! dear father! hinder me not! If you forbid me, I will not go—but, oh! I shall lie here with such an aching heart, to know my nurse mother dying, and so near me, and I not with her! and afterwards to know her dead, and the opportunity of doing her this good service, taken from my power. Father! dear father! oh! let me go!"

"Mary, my own dear heart's child! if it were not for fear of risking your health, I should not oppose your wishes; *forbid* you—*hinder* you, Mary, I do not—I never did or shall arrogate to myself any control over your free action, my child!"

"But, father, I will not—indeed I could not bring myself to—do anything against your wishes—but I want you, in this instance, to think as I do."

"Be a woman like thou, dear child!"

"Father! just consider—it *is* all a 'notion,' this about the danger. Think how many women I have read of in history, who in 'troublous times' frequently endured hunger, cold, fatiguing journies, all at once! delicate women, too—and yet they never perished. Now, father, the sun has come out warm, and it is thawing out of doors; and the distance is short, and I can go in the close carriage, and be well wrapped up in shawls and furs, and my eider-down quilt. There will be no danger if care is taken, in my going—but if I stay here—oh, father! I am afraid that like a very bad child, I shall cry myself ill."

Much more was said on both sides which I will not weary the reader, as it was but a variation of the same thing. And finally Mary prevailed, and at high noon found herself well wrapped up—with her nurse and her baby also, in the close carriage, and on her way to Blackthorns.

It was but a ten minutes' drive, and Mary was soon at the bedside of the dying woman, while the nurse and babe remained in the outer room.

"You good child! you angel! So you have come! But, oh! Mary, my darling, what have you risked?"

"Nothing, dear, good nurse—nothing at all! I do not feel tired from this little, very comfortable ride!"

"God love my darling!" faintly gasped the sufferer; "God bless the good girl!"

"Send for Maggie's baby, and let me see it, dear nurse. Mine is in the other room—that shall be brought also, and you shall see it."

"Quickly, then, Mary, my child; you *are* my child—ain't you, Mary?"

"Always, ever, dearest, earliest friend!"

"Send for your baby, my dear, that I may bless her before I die."

Mary made a sign to Bruin, who left the room for a few minutes during which Mrs. Comford entered with the babe. She was soon followed by Bruin himself, bringing in the dead Maggy's infant, which had become his charge for the time being.

Both little ones were brought to the bed.

"Lay Margaret's baby in my lap, Bruin," said Mary.

And he did so.

"Raise me up, and place my Mary's infant before me, neighbors," requested Peggy—and her wish was complied with. "What is her name, my child?" asked the dying woman.

"Mary Virginia—I have given her for her patron saint, the spotless Virgin."

The dying woman looked at Mary Washington with a profound but undefinable earnestness, and joining her feeble hands together, raised her eyes to Heaven, and in simple but fervent words invoked the blessing of God and the protection of the Virgin upon the children; then she motioned them to take her away, and sank back exhausted upon her pillow.

Mary waited a few moments, and then gently inquired, "What is the name of this my younger—I mean my second twin—nurse?"

"I had not thought of her name before—but—she is of humble birth—she will be poor—maybe beautiful; she will associate with those of higher rank than herself; a lot full of trial and temptation, from which even your goodness may not be able to defend her; therefore I will give her for a guardian spirit—her who knows the many and treacherous road from having lost her way therein—her who was tempted, fallen, repentant, and redeemed by LOVE—St. Mary Magdalene." She paused again, exhausted, and the tears were streaming from Mary Washington's face, obstructing her reply—that at length amid sobs came forth—

"Poor Maggy, my foster sister, did not so; I have perfect faith in her purity—so has my honored father."

"Thank you! bless you! I knew it! *I* never had a doubt of my child—never! It was not that which made me speak as I did—ah, no! with my cold, dying breath, could I breathe a cloud upon my dead child's spotless name—ah, no! it was not that—it was—but my time is so short! Mary!"

"My dear nurse!"

"Did your see Father Lucas, as you came in?"

"Yes, nurse."

"He was sent for to receive my last confession, and to give me extreme unction. Mary!"

"My dear friend!"

"I have another request to make of you."

"Make it, dear nurse!"

"Let the two children be christened now, by my bedside."

"Yes, indeed, dear friend, it shall be done—immediately, if you like."

"Yes, immediately, for my time is very short, and you, my own darling, should be at home and in bed."

"Bruin, please ask Father Lucas to come in," said Mary.

The dwarf departed to do her bidding.

"And *another* request I have to make, dear Mary—so many favors have I to ask of my child."

"So many *rights*, dear nurse, that are gratefully acknowledged—what is it, then, nurse?"

"Stand sponsor for Magdalene."

"Yes, indeed, I will, very gladly, nurse,—will you also stand sponsor for Virginia?"

"Ah, my Mary! but I die!"

"Will you be less powerful to protect her in heaven than on earth?"

"No, no."

"Then let it be so, kind nurse."

"It shall."

Father Lucas now entered the room, and by the bedside of the dying woman, administered the rites of Christian baptism to the infant foster sisters:—

Mary Virginia, and
Mary Magdalene.

When this was over, the expiring woman took the infants successively in her arms, and earnestly invoked for them the blessing of God, and the guardianship of saints and angels. Then Mary received them both together upon her lap, and folding her arms around them, pressed them to her bosom—vowing to love both equally as much as she could, and to cherish both alike as long as she and they should live. Then the dying nurse bid Mary a tender farewell, blessed her and dismissed her, and was left alone with the priest, to receive the last services and consolations of her church.

As she passed through the outer room, Mary Washington, pausing, gave a last look of love and adieu to Margaret, in her coffin, severed one long, glossy, black ringlet from her head, pressed one final kiss upon the cold brow, and replacing the white covering of her face, went her way.

"Thank God!" said Mary, "oh, thank God! that I was permitted to come to her."

In fifteen minutes more, wearied out by all she had gone through, Mary Washington was reposing on her own luxurious couch.

That day the soul of Peggy Hawk returned to God.

It was a strange and wilful sprite
As ever frighted human sight.

The Changeling.—Scott.

"The glorified saints in Heaven! the saints alive! What an imp! It looks like a little devil! Look at its eyes, will you! Angels alive! did ever any one see such eyes? Ef it don't scare me! 'spose it was to talk! 'Deed, I b'lieve its gwine to! 'spose it was to open its mouth and speak! shouldn't I drap it an' run! Here, mammy! take the scare-crow afore I let it drap!"

"Wish you would! You let it drap now! and see what you'll get! You take the chile right straight out'n the draf', an' up in Miss Mary's room, as you wer' bidden."

"Deed, mammy, I 'fraid of it! Look at its great hollow eyes! It's gwine to say somethin'! 'Deed, ef it talks, I shall drap it and run!"

"Look here, gal! take chile right up-stairs!—Foolishness!"

"Spose I shall have to nuss the witchified little thing! Wouldn't sleep with it for the best goolden guinea that ever was fotch over from Englan'!"

"Lord a marcy! is the creetur gwine to stand there all day yopping her mouf? 'Clare to man, ef you don't start—it'll be the wus for you!"

"I'm gwine—I'm gwine now! But mind, mammy, ef you hear anything fall, and anybody—you may know what it is!"

"Yes, you do! It'll be good for you, that's all I can say!"

This colloquy took place at the foot of the great staircase, between the mischievous Coral and her mother, the morning after the funeral, when the infant Magdalene was brought by Bruin to Prospect Hill, and placed in the arms of the frightened maid to be carried up to her mistress.

Mary Washington was in her own chamber. I must describe this chamber, as it was the very sanctuary of the mother. It was a large, square front chamber, upon the second floor, and fronting the East. It was lighted by one large East bay window,—her dawn window. Opposite, against the West wall, sat the head of Mary's rosewood bedstead, under a canopy; on the right of this, was a door leading into the passage way; on the left, a door leading into the dressing-room—now the nursery. On the South, were two windows, at which the sun shone in nearly all the whole day; between the windows, stood a rose-wood bureau and dressing-glass. On the North was the fire-place, surmounted by a white marble chimney-piece. The canopy of the bedstead, the curtains of the windows, the coverings of the chairs, lounges, and foot-cushions, were all of light blue damask.

The walls of the chamber were white. The carpet was of a white ground, with running blue flowers. There were books, pictures, statuettes, and musical instruments—all, not costly, but beautiful. And there were many other things besides—everything that goes to make any one particular room in a house seem like the very heart of home.

Mary Washington sat in a large, blue-covered easy chair by the fire. Her delicate form wrapped in a warm dressing-gown of fine white flannel, wadded and lined with white silk; her soft brown hair was parted smoothly above her brow, and the gossamer borders of a thread lace cap dropped faint shadows upon shining hair and snowy cheek. On one side of the youthful mother sat the cradle in which reposed the infant Virginia, covered with a blue silk quilt of eider down; on the other side, upon a cushion, between her chair and the corner of the fire-place, sat Josey with his book. Mary had stopped to listen for some one who was coming up the stairs, when the door opened, and Coral entered, bearing little Magdalene in her arms. She crossed the room, bringing the child gingerly, and stooping, held it before Mrs. Washington, saying,

"Here it is, Miss Mary—the little Jack-my-lantern!"

"Lay her on my lap, Coral. I have just laid little Virginia down to sleep, and am ready for Magdalene."

"Don't take the thing, Miss Mary, dear! it do look so fierce and wenomous, with its great eyes and its lantern jaws!"

"She is only famished, Coral. Give her to me!"

"Oh, don't put the little wampire to your bosom, Miss Mary; 'deed it'll bite you!"

"*Coral!*" said Mrs. Washington, in a tone of grave, though gentle rebuke.

The girl immediately placed the babe in the lady's arms, who, receiving it, said,

"You must not take a dislike to this poor babe, Coral."

"Lord save it, Miss Mary, I don't hate it more an I do lizzards, but I'm fear'd of it, you know! It is such a queer little human, an' it do look so knowin' an' wicked—but I 'spose the Lord made it—yes, I do 'spose He really *did*, just as He made the scorapins, (scorpions) for some good an' wise purpose, as they say! though it ain't safe to handle of 'em. Miss Mary, 'scuse me this once, but 'deed you better let me take the little reptyle down stairs, and feed it with gruel!"

"Coral, you pain me by speaking so of the poor starved baby."

This was always Mrs. Washington's gravest rebuke. "You *pain* me!" and it always had its effect.

"Dear Miss Mary, don't mind *me*! 'Deed, I haven't the leastest mislike to the baby—it's all put on for fun. You know mammy says I'm a big devil, any how! and the baby is such a funny, scrawny, savage looking little thing!"

"You may go now, Coral," said her mistress, and "Pretty Coral," "Coral Red," went.

"Will you love this sister also, Josey?"

"I will *try*, if you like me to, little mother; but it will be very hard, for it is a very ugly sister!"

"Oh, Josey!"

"I will love Virginia, mamma, as much as ever you please. Virginia *is* so white, and soft, and pretty, and good!"

"But won't you try to love poor Magdalene?"

"I *said* I would *try*, mamma; but it is such an ugly sister—so thin, and black-looking—just like a little young gosling before the feathers are on."

"Josey! she is like that poor little naked, unfeathered bird, which the storm beat from its nest, and which you found under the tree—which gasped and died in your little hands."

"Yes, mamma, I was sorry for the birdling, because you said, if the storm had not beaten it from its nest, it would have become a beautiful song-bird, that would have soared and sung through all the sunny air."

"Little boy! Magdalene is like that bird—storm-beaten from her nest—and if we do not warm, and feed, and cherish her, she, too, will die."

"Yes, mamma," said the little caviller, thumbing his book—"but then, again, she has got such—such—such what-you-call-em eyes!"

"Such fierce, eager eyes, you mean, Josey:—so she has, for a baby, but then that is because she is famished. Her eyes are fierce because her stomach is famished. Let us nurse and love her, and we shall see how soft her eyes will beam, and how round and fair her face will grow, and how pretty, and good, and lovely she will be! And now listen, little boy, I have something to tell you which I want you to remember—are you listening?"

"Yes, indeed, little mother."

"Well, then, it is this:—when you get to be a man, and see men,—poor, ill-used men, perhaps with fierce passions—do not hate them, and wish to take vengeance on them—but—think that something in their natures has been *starved*—think that where passions are fierce, the soul has been famished—do you understand me, Josey?"

"Yes, mamma! yes, mamma! better than you think I do! I feel it *here*, and I know it *here*, but I don't know how to tell you any more," said the boy, placing his hands upon his heart and his head, and raising his dilating blue eyes to *her* eyes, with one of those profoundly solemn looks that often moved the mirth of the merry Coral, and excited the admiration of Bruin to a fever height.

The orphan babe was certainly unpopular at the hall. Mrs. Comford entered with her charge's dinner just at this point of the conversation, and finding Mary actually engaged in nursing the child, set herself to expostulate seriously against the measure.

"You cannot stand it, ma'am! It will certainly break down your health."

"Ah, no, good Mrs. Comford!—you know it will not! More delicate women than myself have nursed twins before now."

"Ah, dear lady, but this strange child!—such a thing was never heard of!"

"Oh, yes, good nurse!—it has been heard of, and done—Margaret's mother divided her cradle and her milk with me, and I will do so for her child!"

"But, dear lady, 't is enough to take the infant in the house and care for it, without putting it to your own bosom."

"So did not Margaret's mother think when she took me to *her* bosom—so do not I think by her child."

"But, dear lady, you are so fragile!"

"Good nurse, all who *look* fragile are not so—because I am very small and slight, and have a very fair skin, you need not think me feeble—size and weight is not so often a sign of health and strength either, as is supposed—or the want of it an indication of weakness—indeed, I think the contrary is the case, and that small persons are proportionably stronger than large ones. No, nurse! I am strong and healthy, thank Heaven! and quite adequate to the task of nursing these two children! Besides, oh! consider! I feel so sorry for this poor, destitute little one, she is so thin, so delicate, she can never be raised by hand—she will die if I do not save her. Ah! it would give me too much pain *not* to do this—and I think, suppose *I* had died, would I not have blessed, from heaven, any mother that would have taken *my child*?"

The young mother was right in one thing—her health and strength suffered no diminution from nursing the two infants. The Judge made no objection to this second *protege*, only smilingly he said—

"My dear Mary, you have a talent for colonizing—we will send you to the West some day."

Adam Hawk by no word or sign gave evidence of his knowledge of the existence of his grandchild for some time—but then game, braces of quails, canvass-back ducks, bunches of ortolen, and other rare river or forest luxuries, found their way to the Mansion House with Adam Hawk's duty to the mistress.

Mary was soon out of her room, and had resumed her place at the head of her father's table. And now there came one of those beautiful spells of weather that often visit this climate, even in the dead of winter, and Mary received the congratulatory visits of her neighbors, the Mountjoys, of Alta Bayou; the Brokes, of Forest Hall; and, in short, of all the county ladies, far and near.

"Pity the babe had not been a boy."

"She will be a great heiress one of these days."

"I wonder whether she will be educated in the Catholic or Protestant religion—the grandfather being Episcopalian and the mother Catholic."

These were some of the comments made by the guests as they would depart. Of Mary's second adopted child they said nothing at all. Her character was so unique, so well known, if not well understood, that the circumstance of the adoption excited no interest by the side of that of the heiress. So passed January. During a second spell of fine weather in the latter part of February, Mary returned some of these visits, and after a final blast of winter in the first week of March, the Spring opened unusually early, and Mary could freely ride or walk about, accompanied by her children and their nurse, Coral, whose marriage with the black prince, for some mysterious reason between the parties, was indefinitely postponed—*as she* said, "Broke off for good!"

CHAPTER IV.

"THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST."

Is there a *crime*
Beneath the roof of Heaven, that stains the soul
Of man with more infernal hue, than damned
Assassination?

Cibber.

Spring had fully opened, and Mary, *malgre* all her past trials, was glad with her children and with nature. The Judge, bidding her an affectionate farewell, departed on his circuit, leaving her to superintend the house, the garden, the people, and in some sort the whole estate—but in this weighty responsibility she was aided and seconded in their several departments, by the housekeeper, the overseer, and the gardener Gulliver—so named for his marvellous stories. It was Mary's habit to devote all her forenoons to hearing the different reports, and giving orders to these domestic ministers; and this Coral—whose quick intelligence picked up all sorts of sonorous phrases—called her "Kitchen Cabinet." In the afternoon, it was her pleasure to go rambling with her children, leading little Josey by the hand, and followed by Coral with a babe on each arm. But as the children grew, and Madgie's skeleton form filled out with flesh, they became too heavy a burden for Coral—and then a light wicker carriage, with two seats, was purchased for them, and then Josey grew obstreperous, and insisted upon dragging it himself. Mary tried it herself, and finding indeed that it would be no labor at all even for her little boy to drag it, gave her consent—for of all things Mary loved best to be *alone* with her children. So in that old fashioned guise—namely, Ginnie and Madgie, as the babes were called, seated in the carriage, Josey pulling it before and Mary walking by its side steadying it over rough places—they would go wandering—down the gradual hill in front of the house, and over the plains covered with soft bright green grass, or by the "still waters" of the clear ponds lying here and there, or through the beautiful groves of trees scattered around; or—going out from the back of the mansion, ascend the easy and tree-shaded slope that led into the woods behind the house, and entering a broad road that used a long time ago to lead to the county-seat, but that with long disuse was now grass-grown, shady, cool, and fresh, and formed a most delightful avenue through the thick interminable forest. This was preeminently Josey's favorite haunt—for here he found at every step such treasures of nature, plants, insects, flowers, birds, trees of endless variety and interest—and here, too, for its sequestered shade, Mary loved best to come.

One day—it was the first of May—Mary had promised that she would give a woodland May-day fete, and that Josey should have his little neighbors, Viola and Violetta Swan, the twin nieces, and Broke Shields, the nephew of their near neighbor, General Mountjoy, of Alta Bayou, and so at an early hour of the morning, the "Pair of Swans," as the twin-sisters were called, arrived in charge of their cousin, Broke Shields, a fine boy of ten years of age.

The party set out early in the forenoon, and after a ramble through the forest, during which they gathered an abundance of wild flowers, they seated themselves to rest in a forest glade through which the "old road" passed. And when a plentiful repast of light white biscuits, fresh butter, cream, and early strawberries had been spread upon the green grass; the children gathered around this feast, waited upon by Coral, while her mistress sat apart under the shade of a large oak, and beside the wicker carriage where her babies lay.

The children were in the midst of their hilarity, when an event occurred that speedily put an end to the festivity of the morning.

Mary had just laid Magdalene in the little carriage, and taken up Virginia, whom she was about to fold to her bosom, when the report of a pistol was heard near, and a bullet whistled past her and between herself and the child she held, so that she felt its whiz and heat, and passing through the top of the many-colored turban of Coral and carrying it off, lodged in the bark of a tree on the opposite side of the road. The danger was past as soon as known—but consternation fell upon the little party, who gazed at each other in dismay—and then upon Broke Shields, who had sprung upon his feet, with starting eyes and extended arm, and was staring and pointing in the direction whence the shot was fired—*one instant*—and then with a bound forward he disappeared in the forest. This broke the spell of silent amazement. Viola and Violetta clung to each other, screaming in terror. Josey instinctively sprang to the side of his mamma—his best loved—and threw his arms around her as if to shield her. Coral clapped her hands to her dismantled head, and ran about wildly, asking everybody,

"Am my brains blown out? Am my brains blown out?"

"Be easy, children. The danger is quite over now. It was only some sportsman, who did not know we were here, and who fired at a bird—They ought not to shoot the poor birds at this season, while they are raising their young, either," said Mary; but her face was ashen pale, she trembled in every limb, and her voice faltered, even while she attempted to reassure herself and the children.

The children were too much terrified to remain there. The May-day feast was broken up. The little ones cowered around Mary, who only waited the re-appearance of Broke to return to the house. The lad came at length, pale, fatigued and disappointed.

"Why did you run off, my dear boy?—did you see any one?"

"Yes, Mary," answered Shields, who being but [illegible] years Mary's junior, and having been her playmate, continued to call the child-mother Mary.

"Whom did you see, Broke?"

"A man!"

"Some sportsman, my boy, never look so heated and angry. He was careless, perhaps, but it was unintentional."

"Was it a white or colored man?" asked Coral, with much interest.

"I don't know—in fact I only saw a pair of legs in dark pantaloons between the trunks of the trees. I could not see the form or face of the man for the thick leaves. I saw his arm protruded—the pistol aimed at Mary's bosom—the flash—and the legs spring away—all in a second just as I started up!"

Mary became deadly pale.

"Aimed at mamma! *fired* at mamma!" faltered Josey.

"Fired at Mary," murmured the frightened twins. And the children hovered around their beloved Mary as though they would have covered her.

"Yes, yes, I saw the muzzle pointed—look! look! look! Coral has fainted!"

Coral had indeed fallen in a deep swoon. Mary laid her child in the carriage, arose and tottered toward her fallen maid, stooped over her and attempted to raise her—then turning to the terrified children—she said, in a voice tremulous in spite of herself,

"Go, go, my dear children, hurry to the house and tell Aunt Poll to come quickly. Broke, do you go with them, my dear."

The children departed all but Josey.

"Go, Josey," said she.

"No, mamma! no! never will I leave you in the wicked woods alone," said Josey, who had closely followed his mother.

"Dear Josey, there is no danger. It was a mistake of Broke's. The man was taking aim at something in or near a line with me, but beyond me—there is no danger, darling!"

"But, mamma, you have such white lips, and you shake so."

"It is fright, Josey—only fright—the weakness of the body—my mind tells me there is no more danger, love!"

"Mamma, THERE IS! I feel it here and here—where I feel everything that is true about *you*," said the child, placing one hand on his head, and the other on his heart. "Mamma, go home—leave me here with Coral and the babies."

"Little soldier!" fondly exclaimed Mary, withdrawing her hand from Coral's forehead, which she was bathing, and encircling Josey with her arm. "Little soldier! one of these days what a protector you will be to mamma, and your sisters—but now, love, there is nothing to alarm us. It is only your loving anxiety, darling, that troubles heart and brain."

"Mamma! Mamma! *Was not* Uncle Carey shot so—*just* so?"

"Merciful Heaven! so he was! and his murderer never discovered, and his motive never even remotely guessed!" faltered Mary, shuddering through all her limbs, and for a moment dropping her face upon her hands.

"Come, go home, little mother!" pleaded Josey, with his arm around her neck.

She returned his embrace, and then said,

"No, no, I cannot leave Coral here alone—and—and—there can be nothing in it! No! No! It is only a coincidence—it just *happened so*, Josey! I have not an enemy in the world! I never had! And there is not a soul on earth that could be benefitted by my death! It is terrible! It is very terrible! but—it only *happened so*!" said Mary, striving for composure—but *so* sick—so sick with deadly fear that she could scarcely keep from swooning herself.

The hasty approach of Poll Pepper, followed by two or three of the housemaids and Prince, relieved her; motioning them to raise Coral, she prepared to return to the house, amid the comments, questions, and exclamations of astonishment, fright and horror from the assembled servants. They reached the hall—the children were sent home, and Coral conveyed to bed in a raging brain fever.

So terminated the May-day fete.

After her first fright was over, Mary Washington resolutely withdrew her thoughts from dwelling upon the mysterious event in the Old Road, and gave her whole attention to her children, her maid, and her multifarious household duties. It was four weeks before Coral was up—and so changed! She was no longer "Pretty Coral" or "Merry Coral," and nobody called her as of old, "Coral Red;" she was almost white-Coral, so pale was she. "How she loved her mistress," every one said, "that such an escape from danger should have overwhelmed her so." And Mary herself felt redoubled affection for her hand-maiden. Mary did not deem it necessary to disturb Judge Washington's mind by the relation of these circumstances in any of her letters—and to *herself*, as well as to all the family, and to the neighbors who chanced much to her regret to hear the story, she continually said, "*Of course* it was an accidental shot from some unreasonable sportsman. I cannot possibly think otherwise. I have not—I never *had*—an enemy in the world; and none on earth could be benefitted by my death." But Mary walked no more on the "Old Turnpike Road."

Thus, buried among her hand-maidens, like some Roman matron of old, were the two next months of the Judge's absence passed—and the end of this period brought the first of July, when he was expected to return home.

"Your master will be home to-morrow," she had said to the field negroes, while making her round that afternoon upon her little donkey, in company with Adam Hawk—and taking sweet authority upon herself, dismissing them earlier than usual to their quarters. "Your master will be home to-night, and for *that* and another reason, to-morrow will be a holiday you know—so every man, woman and child, must don their new clean clothes, and be in front of the vestibule to greet him, and see what he has brought for them." And smiling a good-night to them, she turned away. And they were half inclined to regret holiday, master's return, and all, for the reason that his beautiful and gentle daughter would no longer reign in his stead. Mary was in very high spirits for *her*. The Judge had said to her on leaving, three months before, and on concluding his directions to her concerning the management of the estate during his absence—"Thus you see, my child, I leave you a large margin to be filled out at your own discretion. You must not be fettered by any more directions. You must learn to be a planter practical, Mary—for one of these days, when Adam Hawk and I are gathered to our fathers, you will have the whole business upon your own hands—or, what is the same thing or worse, you will have some new overseer who is unfit for his place."

Everything in the Judge's absence had gone marvellously well; and now Mary was prepared to render an account of her stewardship with great pleasure.

"Grandpa is coming home to-night," she had said to Josey on putting him to bed. "Prince has gone with the carriage to St. Leonard to meet him—but it will be late when he comes, and he will be tired, and must not be disturbed by children—so my little boy must even content himself and go to sleep—but he may wake as early as he pleases to-morrow, and come in mother's room—for to-morrow is the first of July, and a holiday—and Josey shall see grandpa, and go to the wild beast show at St. Leonard's, and have his birth-day party out on the Old Road, too." And she kissed and left him to repose. Her two babies were also asleep. And Mary went down to the wainscotted parlor, where she had ordered a late supper to be prepared. And there she awaited him.

The carriage returned at nine o'clock, with the Judge, looking hale and cheerful, and full of expressions of delight at returning, and of affection for his Mary. He looked at her with surprise and pleasure. He led her under the light of a chandelier, and looked again. Yes! she was certainly improving—her fair cheeks had rounded and become rosy—she looked considerably less dreamy and spiritual—and more substantial and real—nursing, goodness, active occupation—one or all of these agreed with her assuredly.

"Why, my little daughter I shall certainly superannuate Adam Hawk, who is getting old, and make you my manager, since you thrive so upon farming."

"Perhaps you *will*, sir! when you see the results of my administration; though I fear I should have made a bad regent without the advice and assistance of the great prime minister of agricultural affairs. Now let me help you off with your coat; here is your dressing-gown and slippers, so you need not go to your room; but come in to supper, for we have—what do you think? Turtle soup!"

During supper the Judge told Mary that he had invited a party to dine with him on the ensuing "Fourth"—when he said he hoped her dinner would do credit to Southern housewifery in general, and her own skill in particular. Mary smilingly told him to rely on the best co-operation of his "Minister of the Interior." And soon after that, the Judge deferring business until the next day, retired to his chamber.

The next day Mary awoke early, and lay awake as usual for an hour watching the day break. The morning was perfectly clear, not the lightest fleeciest cloud was to be seen as the dull, red dawn of the horizon brightened and brightened into intensest crimson fire that flamed up towards the zenith, lighting into a blaze the flashing waters of the bay—and flushing the soft, green plains with rose color. Mary lay watching the coming of the sun, and it was not indolence that led her to select that time and manner of offering up her morning worship. She prayed before the dawn window as others prayed before altars. Her devotions were scarcely over when Josey's merry voice and quick step were heard—the door was burst open, and he ran in and climbed up for his mother's morning kiss—suddenly he stopped in his gladness and became very grave.

"What is the matter, my love?" asked Mary.

"Oh, mamma, I have just remembered it!"

"*What*, dear?"

Without replying, he asked mysteriously,

"Mamma,—is there anything in dreams?"

"Yes, I think so, my love, a great deal more in dreams than knowledge-proud people like to confess."

"Well, mamma, I think so, too," said Josey, with an approving air.

"What did my little Josey dream, then?"

"Mamma—I dreamed that all of us children—me and you and the babies and Broke were walking up the 'Old Turnpike Road,' and that you carried Virginia in your arms. Well, mamma, I thought on the left side of the road in and out through the trees—now in full sight, and now hidden—walked a great spotted leopard—and, mamma, it seems to me I can see him now as he put out his great, strong, thick fore legs armed with such claws—slowly and slyly, in and out and through the trees as he kept up with us on the grass, and, mamma, *his fire coal eyes were always on you*! turn which way you would, they would turn after you—and I tried to do something, but I couldn't—something held me tight and fast—though all the time I was walking along. Well! I thought we sat down to a feast in the open glade—just as we did *that day*, mamma—and I thought I turned to see if the great leopard was after us—just in time to see his great tail fly up in the air and swell, and his eyes strike fire as he made one bound and sprang upon *you*, mamma!—then I went to throw myself upon him—and I woke up and found it was a dream, and that I was in bed. I was so glad it was a dream, you know, and I went to sleep again and forgot it, and never thought of it until just this moment, mamma!"

"And now, dear, I will tell you how much meaning there was in your dream. I promised to take you to see the menagerie at St. Leonard's this morning, and to give you a feast in the glade of the Old Road this evening—and you went to bed thinking of leopards and festivals, and dreamed of the same."

"Sure enough, mamma!" exclaimed the child, delighted at the natural interpretation.

"And now go and be dressed, darling," said Mary. "For this is going to be a busy, happy day—we are to have breakfast early, and I am to spend two hours in the library with father—then I am to take all the children riding, and let the little boy see the menagerie, and then return to dinner and give the children their festival this afternoon in the forest glade!"

"Oh, mamma! not there!"

"Yes, Josey! our forest glade is too pretty to be deserted, and *we* have nearly deserted it—we have not been there since May-day."

"But, oh, mamma! I shall be so miserable all the time!"

"Shall you? Well, then, mamma will not make her little boy miserable on his birth-day—we will go down the hill and have our feast by the Grove-Spring."

"Yes, yes! that is a nice place, we will go there."

"There, now, go, Josey, and send Coral to me," said Mary, and the child went.

That morning again Judge Joseph (as he was often called) stood upon the vestibule of his mansion, while the men, women and children of his plantation thronged to welcome him home, and to receive of his bounty. He dismissed them pleased and grateful, and went into the breakfast-room, where Mary, at the head of the table awaited him. When breakfast was over, he called her into his study, and there she gave him an account of what she called her administration of the government. The Judge expressed himself highly gratified with his little regent, and as she sat by him half encircled by his left arm, while his right hand held both hers caressingly, he asked her what had been her regulations—her recreations?

"Gardening."

"No, no, *that* is work, little daughter, though very pleasant work, I grant."

"Well, then, reading."

"*That* is *study*, my Mary. Come! the amusements, now, of my little sixteen year old matron."

"Well, then, riding the donkey, driving out with Josey and the babies, walking—and one party—a May-day festival for the neighbor's children."

"And no visiting?"

"Oh, yes! I went once to see old Mrs. Swan."

"An old lady bedridden with paralysis fifteen years!—but, my love, I hope you received visitors at home?"

"Yes. Father Lucas was here twice!"

"My little Mary! Look up here, my child! This will not do! housekeeping and farming, visiting the sick, entertaining priests, and waiting on children! So passes your life! The life of Colonel Carey's orphaned and widowed daughter, a child of sixteen years, left to my charge! So would not Charles Carey have acted by a child of mine so left to him! Mary! you must go out more among young people. You must gather them around you also. You must be joyous, my child, as befits your youth!"

"And my *widowhood*, father? Ah, father, I can be happy! You know I can't—you see I *am*; but it is with the earnest happiness that looks to Heaven for its full completeness. I can be happy, father, but not joyous, except in sympathy with the innocent gaiety of childhood!"

"Mary! such solemn renunciation of the joys of social life might befit a mourner of seventy—not one of sixteen. No, no, Mary! You must not isolate yourself. I have other and happier views and hopes for you! Besides, society in a sparse neighborhood like this has large claims upon a young lady of your rank and station.—Mary! much as I love the lost, I cast no selfish, regretful looks back to the irrevocable Past! I look only to the promising Future. I look to see what good it has in store for *you*—no longer my daughter-in-law, but my daughter, upon whom all my hopes are set!"

"Father, may I ever be a daughter to you! I *will*, as long as you will let me! I will never leave you, *dear* father,—*Joseph's father!—for I can never forget!*—and the greatest good I aim at in the future, lies beyond the grave!—a reunion with Joseph in Heaven!"

And Mary dropped her head, weeping, upon the bosom of her father—*a little while*—and then lifting her head, and shaking off the sparkling tears, she smiled, as she said,

"I did not want to cry to-day—it is Josey's birth-day—and I promised him—oh, sir! are you engaged this morning?"

"No, Mary."

"Well, then, perhaps—will you take me and the children a drive to St. Leonard's, and let Josey see the menagerie that is staying there for a few days—if it will be no inconvenience to you, sir?"

"Certainly not, my Mary; on the contrary, I have business there, which will make the jaunt perfectly convenient, as well as agreeable."

They separated—the Judge to order the carriage,—Mary to prepare her children for the drive.

They set out in half-an-hour, reached St. Leonard's in another half-hour's rapid drive over the smooth and level new road, saw the menagerie, did the shopping and the other business, and returned in time for dinner. When Mary entered her chamber to change her dress for dinner, she found upon her dressing table several packets, containing dress patterns, shawls, scarfs, etc., of light and cheerful material, and a note from her father, saying,

"My Mary must now lay aside her mourning, which has so long reproached Divine Providence, and dress herself, as nature now does, in grateful brightness."

Mary could not wear any of the unmade dresses, but, to comply with his request, she arrayed herself in a graceful white crape dress, and threw a light blue silk scarf—one of the new purchases—over her shoulders, and went down to the drawing-room.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, when the children of the neighborhood assembled to the festival of Prospect Hall. According to agreement, Mary took them down to Grove-Spring. This Grove was rather an arm of the forest than an isolated grove, and was freshened and beautified by a clear spring, to which it gave a name. Here were swings and skipping-ropes,—battledores and shuttlecock—graces, and every other conceivable means and appliance of youthful and childish amusement; and here, in various games—in listening to stories—in singing songs, and putting enigmas—in gathering flowers and weaving them into wreaths, or tying them in posies—in chasing butterflies, and then releasing them at Mary's request, the children passed the afternoon, until the sun began to decline in a splendor cloudless as was that of his rising. Then the feast of light bread and butter, cakes, fruit and milk, was spread upon the grass, and the children merrily gathered around it. After the gay and noisy meal was over, Mary proposed to them to return to the house, and prepare to go home, as their parents had sent carriages for them; but, "A dance! a dance first! *one* dance!" pleaded Broke Shields, and the girls seconded him with, "A dance! just *one* dance!" And Mary, with a sigh and a smile, sent for "Uncle Gulliver," who played the fiddle. "Uncle Gull" soon arrived, and began to strum and twang his fiddle strings, "tuning the instrument," while the boys took partners.

"*Mary* shall dance with *me*—no one *shall* but Mary!" exclaimed Master Broke Shields, with a Sultanic authority. "Give me Ginie, Mary, and let me lay her in the carriage while you dance with *me*."

Mary shook her head gently, but the boy persisted, while the dance was delayed. At last, fearing to detain the children, and wishing the dance over, that they might return home before sunset, with a second sigh and smile, Mary turned and placed her child in the carriage, when the sharp crack of a rifle was heard. Mary sprang suddenly forward, and sank slowly, slowly, upon her knee, then upon her side, gasping, with difficulty—

"I am struck!—oh, Heaven!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Picture Gallery.

FOTHRINGAY CASTLE.

We present our readers this week with an engraving of Fothringay Castle, where the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scotts, was kept imprisoned by her jealous rival, Queen Elizabeth, of England. It was in the court-yard of this castle that Mary expiated her crime of superior beauty to the Virgin Queen, on the scaffold. She died with a calm dignity that became her station.

INDIAN LODGE MAKING.

We have frequently noticed in the Indian country the facility with which the Indians build their bark lodges. Chancing, yesterday, to pass a place of encampment, we had a good opportunity of watching the whole process of building. As soon as the canoe landed, the men, women and children commenced unlading and carrying their traps to the place of encampment, the squaws having the privilege, as from time immemorial among them, of lugging all the heavy and burdensome articles.

The bark for their lodge, consisting of about a dozen pieces, of as many feet in length, and about four feet wide, rolled up like maps, were all taken by a squaw, at one back-load, to the place selected. A dozen small poles, ten or fifteen feet in length, were planted in the ground, in a circle of about ten or fifteen feet in diameter. The tops of those opposite were then bent over and tied with strings of bark, and over these light ribs were spread the sheets of birch bark and mats, with the exception of a small opening at the top for the escape of smoke—and the whole lodge was completed, being a half-sphere in shape.

Thus, in the short space of half-an-hour from the time of landing, this aboriginal domicil was finished, and its lazy proprietor was lounging and smoking on his mat, while his industrious helpmate was bestirring herself with the usual preparations for fire and cooking.—*Lake Superior Journal.*

SENTIMENTAL AUTHORS.—What is called sentimental writing, though it be understood to appeal solely to the heart, may be the product of a bad one. One would imagine that Sterne had been a man of very tender heart; yet I know, from indubitable authority, that his mother, who kept a school, having run in debt, on account of an extravagant daughter, would have rotted in jail, if the parents of her scholars had not raised a subscription for her. Her son had too much sentiment to have any feeling. A dead ass was more important to him than a living mother.—*Walpole.*

New Inventions.

PAINE'S LIGHT.

An old subject is again making a great sensation, we have concluded to present our readers this week, with an engraving and description of the whole apparatus, which has been communicated to the Boston Transcript by Mr. Cobleigh of this city. Of course, it will be understood that the alleged discovery—for only pretend what he himself and his friends, and not readers (especially our scientific ones) may clearly perceive—is Mr. Paine's claim. The following is an engraving of the apparatus:

PAINE'S APPARATUS.

H. H. Paine's Apparatus, as described in the following communication:

M. M. Permanent Magnets. D. Bell-Glass.
H. Revolving Helices. E. Electrodes.
N. Negative Wire. T. Jar of Turpentine.
P. P. Positive Wire. W. Tumbler of Water.
J. Jar of Water. G. G. Gas Pipes.

MR. COLTON'S DESCRIPTION.

PAINE'S HYDRO-ELECTRIC LIGHT. Boston, Jan. 26, 1861. Mr. Editor: Having been favored, by company with Mr. Hunt, of this city, Mr. Ames, of Springfield, and Mr. Merrick, President of the Gas Company of that city—with a view of Mr. Paine's apparatus for producing light from water, and of witnessing the whole machinery in operation, as well as expressing in myself, I yield to the advice of friends in giving publicity to my observations. Although I have been more or less concerned with chemistry and electro-magnetic experiments, for the past eight years,—yet, let it not be supposed that I consider myself deeply learned in these matters, because I venture to write upon a subject so full of mysteries and apparent contradictions as Mr. Paine's light. This article is not intended exclusively for the scientific, but for the general reader; and I shall endeavor to give such explanations of the apparatus used by Mr. Paine, that all can understand it.

Mr. Paine claims, among other things, to have discovered a method of increasing the power of a magneto-electric machine, to such an extent that he can decompose water rapidly with it, that he can take a jar of water, and, by means of the electricity induced by this machine, can convert the *whole of it into hydrogen gas*, without the production of any oxygen whatever. He claims, also, that by changing the electrical poles, he can convert the whole of the jar of water into oxygen gas, without producing any hydrogen. That, after producing the hydrogen, as above, and passing it through the spirits of turpentine, it becomes *carbonized*, and then will burn with a clear and brilliant flame—and this too without any loss to the turpentine by the passage of the gas through it. In regard to Lenz, independent of the other applications of the power, Mr. Paine claims to have discovered a means of producing it from water, by electricity at a cost infinitely less than any mode now in operation.

The above are startling propositions,—*see Mr. Paine demonstrate them in practical experiments!* The experiment of this article, is to decompose the spirits and, the result of the experiments, as they appeared to me. I shall not advance or defend any theory.

Before giving the result of the experiments, let me describe the apparatus. This consists of the pieces, all placed upon a pine table or shelf, and in no ways connected with anything else.

FIRST—A common Magneto-Electric Machine, consisting of two permanent horse-shoe magnets about *twelve inches* long. These were placed horizontally on a mahogany frame, about *ten inches* apart, one being placed above the other. Between the ends of these magnets were a pair of *helices*, and these so attached to a wheel above, that they could be set into a rapid rotary motion. The peculiar construction of these helices, from which the immensely increased power is said to be obtained, I will hereafter describe.

SECOND—A large open mouth Glass Jar, capable of holding twelve quarts. This was a little more than half filled with water. (We tested the water to satisfy ourselves that it was distilled.) Within this jar was placed a common bell-glass, open at the bottom, and reaching within a few inches of the bottom of the large jar. The top of the bell-glass was closed tightly with a cork, through which extended a tube, so as to rest upon the centre of the outer jar. Passing through the cap of the bell-glass, near the side, which extended down nearly to the bottom of the bell-glass, and there terminated in a small point. This tube was, and a half inches long, and was bent in direction. This bent was hollow, and perforated with small holes in the upper part. The other end of this tube, of connection between the poles, extends thru bed. The water in the jar and bell-glass, reached some six inches above the electrodes.

THIRD—A quart glass jar, half filled with spirits of turpentine. A tube or glass funnel passed through the top of the bell-glass, (above mentioned); and into this jar of turpentine, terminating at the bottom of the turpentine. From the cap which covered the jar of turpentine, another tube or glass tube passed to a jet or burner, about twelve inches from the jar.

FOURTH—A common glass tumbler half filled with water.

The above comprised all the apparatus used by Mr. Paine, with the exception of three wires, or rather flat strip of copper, by which he connected the Magneto-Electric Machine, with the jar of water. Those wires were connected in the following positive manner: The first wire from the machine was screwed in the *negative* pole of the magneto machine; and the other end, to the rest of the wires running to the *positive electrode* through the top of the bell-glass. A second wire was screwed to the *positive* pole of the magneto machine, and to the other end terminating in the glass of water above mentioned. The third wire was screwed to the bell-glass, or rather the second wire which passes through it from the electrodes within, and terminating in the same glass of water, although the wires in the glass did not touch each other. I have spoken of these as *wires*—they were not—but merely thin strips of copper, having the appearance of being rolled out from wire.

Now for the operation of the machine. Mr. Paine commenced turning the wheel in the magneto-Electric Machine, and we all looked to see the gas arise from the *electrodes* in the jar of water—but no gas appeared. Mr. Paine was surprised—we were all surprised. Mr. Paine soon discovered that one of the wires, or copper ribbons had been detached, or had not been screwed up to the wire at the top of the bell-glass. This being screwed up, Mr. Paine again commenced turning the machine, and instantly large bubbles of gas arose from the electrodes, and *filled the jar to the cheek!* After taking out a stopper from the bell-glass, and allowing several jets full of gas to escape, to expel the air which remains air, and prevent an explosion, these were stopped, and the gas forced on through the turpentine into the turpentine; and through it to the jet or burner. Between the jar of water where the gas was generated, and the jar of turpentine, a jet issued from the pipe. This was lighted, and passed to the turpentine jar. The flame, in front of the window, was so pale that it could not be perceived. We could see it by placing a dark ground behind it. While this was burning, the gas was forced along through the turpentine to the other burner. A flame was applied to this, *and a brilliant light was shown.*

Here were two flames, burning at the same time, from the same gas—the flame which passed up through the turpentine, burning with a pale, almost imperceptible light—the second, after passing through the turpentine, burning with a bright superior to any gas I ever saw before. When the Magneto Machine was stopped, not a bubble of gas would appear in the jar, and the lights went out. This small machine produced gas enough to supply a dozen burners, any one of which I should think would illuminate a large room.

Now, it will naturally be asked, "Could not this tremendous electrical power which decomposes water, be obtained from some other and cheaper source, than the magneto machine?" This question occurred to me before I saw the experiment, and I determined if possible, to satisfy myself upon the subject. I, therefore, with Mr. Paine's full consent, examined the machine. I could easily see that no wires or pipes entered the glass jar of turpentine, of the jars jar of water, except the two connected with the magneto machine. It was therefore to the magneto machine, that my attention was mainly directed. This machine I took up, and lifted it entirely away from the frame that the wires stood in. No metallic substances whatever had any connection with it further than by. I placed the machine again on the table and turned the crank, and produced the gas in the jar, in the same manner and with the same success that Mr. Paine had done. Mr. Ames and Mr. Merrick did the same, and were all satisfied, *perfectly satisfied that the electricity developed by the electricity from the magneto machine, and no other also.* To deny this, we must deny the evidence of our own senses. The gas was also produced faster, by a thousand—yes, ten thousand times, than we had ever seen it before by a similar apparatus! We had also the most positive evidence, that the gas, after passing through turpentine, burned with a brilliant light. The gas produced appeared to be hydrogen—we judged by the smell, and the burning;—*per se, Mr. Paine said, although it is hydrogen gas, it differed from the ordinary hydrogen.* I asked Mr. Paine why he had not exhibited the *positive pole* by the glass of water,—why he cut this wire in two; and placed the ends in the glass of water? He said that unless this was done, both *hydrogen and oxygen* would be generated in the bell-glass; but that by this means he only obtained the hydrogen. There appeared to be no attempt at concealment in this matter.

As to the amount of turpentine consumed by passing the gas through it, it was impossible for us to determine in the short time we remained. We were engaged in generating and burning the gas. Mr. Paine stated that the gas was not measured, but was *considered* in passing through the turpentine, and there was no loss to the turpentine by the process. Several gentlemen of high standing in Worcester, a few days previous to our visit, purchased at a store, a small quantity of turpentine, measuring it accurately; which they took to Mr. Paine's establishment, and passed the gas, produced by three sets of magnets, though it, for several hours, lighting the whole of Mr. Paine's house. The turpentine was again measured after the close, and found to have lost but a tea-spoonful. It only as much as would be lost by the evaporation, and by turning it from one vessel into another. A certificate was published to that effect.

The Hydro-Electric Light, is the most wonderful discovery of the age. Mr. Paine has made an improved construction of the helices in the Magneto-Electric Machine, by which an increased electrical power of that instrument infinitely, say—*ten thousand fold*—sufficient to produce the wonderful results above described. Further, the peculiar construction of these helices were shown to us, explained, and fully understood. Before these helices, I make a remark respecting the *ordinary* helices of magneto-electric machines. It is well understood that the power of an electro-magnetic machine, with the ordinary helices, up to a certain point, depends upon *the amount of surface of insulated copper wire in the helices.* It is only upon this principle, and this wire, that the electricity can be conducted.

Mr. Paine's helices differ from the above in this,—that they contain *no wire*. Before describing the helices, being formed by twisting or winding very thin strips of copper, around a core of iron. This wire or tube is then covered with India Rubber, or Gutta Percha to insulate it, and is then wound easier. This water within the wire, forming the helices, is as arranged as to be brought in contact with the current of electricity induced from the magnets—in the same manner as the wire of the helices. And it is from the circumstance of the fact, that a very small quantity of water is capable of containing a vast amount of electricity—I think he says that a single drop of water will contain as much electricity as a thunder storm—that Mr. Paine is enabled to do what he does. Just in proportion as the power of the helices is increased, in the same proportion is the power of the machine increased, so is its power to decompose water.

Now look at Mr. Paine's arrangement. In the first place, he has a double surface of wire equivalent to the helices of the ordinary construction. In the next place, he has half a pint of water revolving in his helices,—an substance *capable of decomposing a thousand times more rapidly than the most interesting, than the same bulk of copper wire.* The same thing is true of Mr. Paine's helices, as we have given with his full consent and approbation.

To this improvement in the construction of the helices, Mr. Paine claims to have increased the power of the Magneto-Electric Machine, so as to produce the wonderful results above described. The improvement, as we said, is so small in itself that we would not be mistaken, would go to show the claim of Mr. Paine to be well founded. We have been given a plain statement of what they were shown and explained to us; and leave the matter with the public unprejudiced. We, for Mr. Paine can apply his improvement to any only on a large scale, sufficient to light ——— whether he has discovered a process for decomposing water, by electricity, at a cost infinitely less than any mode now in use, we cannot say.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
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GOVERNOR JOHNSTON'S MESSAGE.

For the following abstract of the Annual Message of the Governor of Pennsylvania, we are indebted to the Ledger:

The Governor's Message is comparatively short, but touches upon the various subjects of general legislation which require attention. It commences with a tribute to the late President of the United States and to the purity of his character. The Governor suggests that the judicial districts be remodelled, and the number greatly lessened. An increase of the salaries of the Judges of the Common Pleas and District Courts is thought advisable in the event of a reduction in the number of Common Pleas Districts. He proposes to the Legislature to abolish spring elections, as unnecessary and expensive. One election, in October, is sufficient, he thinks, for all practical purposes. The creation of an agricultural department, he conceives, demands the attention of the Legislature, in order that valuable information may be diffused through the Commonwealth for the use of the farmer. The census will require probably an apportionment of the State and Congressional Districts, and the Governor hopes that action on such important bills will not be delayed till the end of the session, a practice inconsistent with careful and correct legislation.

He refers also to the improvement of the public buildings and grounds, the necessity to have the weights and measures re-adjusted in the counties, and the publication of the geological report, and an arrangement of the geological specimens, the preservation of colonial and revolutionary papers, and commends the Insane Asylum to the fostering care of the Legislature. A revision of the laws in relation to taverns, beer-houses and ten-pin alleys, they being now the common resorts of the young, is also recommended, and an equalization of tax laws again urged upon the Legislature.

The finances of the Commonwealth are as follows:—Amount of debt due on the 30th November last, $40,775,485—Stocks and Cash in hands of Commissioners of Sinking Fund, $465,000—interest saved of special loan in the discontinuance of Plane, $400,000, which deducted, leaves $39,910,394, a decrease of public debt since 1848 of $538,203. About $457,946 were extraordinary expenses, to avoid the Inclined Plane and to complete the North Branch Canal. These completed, nearly one million dollars may be appropriated annually to the reduction of the public debt. The receipts of the Treasury last year were $4,438,151, being less than the estimates $128,167. The estimated expenditures were $4,034,000; actual payments, $4,553,193. The estimates for 1851 are—receipts, $4,296,000; payments 4,101,300.

All items of taxation applicable to the Sinking Fund, the Governor says, should be required to reach the Treasury quarterly, under the severest penalties. The deteriorated condition of the Public Works and some recommendations for their better management are presented. The improvement of the Delaware Harbor is urged upon Congress, in view of the interior trade which the completion of the public improvements will tend to enlarge, and the wealth of which will pour into Philadelphia. The project of a system of banking based upon State Stocks is again revived by the Governor, and argued at some length. He also refers to matters of national legislation, the necessity of revising the revenue laws so as to give protection to manufactures, cheap postage, and lastly, the extension of slavery, and the Union. The Governor denies that Pennsylvania has ever disregarded her constitutional obligations relative to fugitive slaves. He thinks that the present law for the recovery of fugitives requires modifications. The kind of proof required should be indicated, and a full record of the entire proceedings be made and preserved. Processes issued should be returned, and the extradition of any colored person, for whose arrest a warrant had issued without hearing had before the Judge, should be visited with the penalties of kidnapping. The message is a plain and well-written paper, setting forth the views of the Executive clearly, without any unnecessary amount of words or discussion.

PENN'A LEGISLATURE.

The following are the most important proceedings, so far, of the Pennsylvania Legislature:

Mr. Matthias, (Whig) of Philadelphia, was elected Speaker of the Senate, by 16 votes for him, to 12 for Mr. McCaslin (Dem.) Three members (besides the two candidates,) not voting.

Mr. Cessna (Dem.) of Bedford County, was elected Speaker of the House by 59 votes to 37 for G. H. Hart, of Phila., (Whig.)

A resolution was passed in the House, that a committee of one from each District be appointed, to consider the propriety of diminishing the number of Judicial Districts; of increasing the salaries of President Judges; and to apportion the State into Judicial Districts accordingly.

Mr. Brindle has introduced a bill to repeal certain laws in this State relative to the recapture of fugitives from labor.

[illegible]

From Washington.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

[illegible]

This fact was known to him, (Ewing) and he could not but feel that it was a sufficient cause for his removal. Again, Col. Weller was well-known to be habitually intemperate. His office was one in which he would be called on to command men and disburse public money. Col. Weller received into his hands, on setting out, thirty-three thousand dollars, for which no bond was given. He left the United States one month before he needed to have done, and that, too, without clearing up the charge of being a defaulter in his own State, and when he was gone a month, he was at Panama—a place where he could get no conveyance to the place of his business; if he had remained at New York, such conveyance could be had. Knowing these circumstances, he (Mr. Ewing) could not consider Mr. Weller a fit person to hold office in which public moneys were to pass through his hands.

He hoped the Senator from Michigan would now feel satisfied that Col. Weller would have been removed even had he been a Whig. In one case I recommended the appointment of a man to office, believing him trustworthy. He was appointed. Subsequently, I received evidence that the man was a defaulter in his own State. I informed Gen. Taylor, and the man was instantly removed. He saw no marked proscription in this case. Col. Weller, a Democrat, was removed, and Col. Fremont, another Democrat, was appointed. What proscription was there in this? He then turned to the case of Gen. Lane, and examined the allegations and charges made by Gen. Lane against Gen. Taylor of falsehood and misrepresentation of the conduct of the Indiana regiment at Buena Vista. He fully justified the removal of Gen. Lane, on account of his injustice to Gen. Taylor. He denounced the system of proscription which was commenced by Gen. Jackson. He despaired of ever getting clear of it, declaring that no one had been removed, except for cause, or where the Administration believed cause did exist.

Mr. Cass said the charge against Col. Weller of being a defaulter, was one which had been used in the Gubernatorial canvass in Ohio, and that, in that State, where the subject was understood, Col. Weller wanted but three hundred votes of being elected Governor, and after that his nomination had been confirmed by the Senate without one dissenting voice. He never heard that Col. Weller's habits incapacitated him for business.

Mr. Bradbury followed in defence of the resolution.

Mr. Downs said that the inference to be drawn from Mr. Ewing's remarks, was that all persons removed were removed for cause. There existed no cause for the removal of officers in New Orleans, and this was shown in the case of the District Attorney, who, by the next mail after receiving his dismissal, received a commission as a special counsel in a most important United States case. One of those removed had since been elected to the other House.

The subject was postponed.

Mr. Felch reported back adversely the joint resolution from the House, authorizing the assignment of land warrants. Adjourned.

On the 8th, Mr. Houston, from Texas, appeared in his seat.

Mr. Seward presented a petition from citizens of Albany county, N. Y., stating that they are patentees and inventors under the United States Laws, and suffer great loss and injury in consequence of the introduction of produce manufactured in Canada and British provinces by their inventions. He obtained leave to withdraw it, for the purpose of reference on the House petition of citizens of Long Island, in favor of establishing a beacon at the entrance of Sag Harbor.

Mr. Clemens presented a petition from Prof. James Robertson, asking for a special Committee to examine the injury done him by order of the Senate, in imprisoning him on the charge of assaulting Henry Clay during last Winter.

Mr. Hale, with the view of getting rid of the subject, moved that the prayer of the petitioner be rejected—yeas 19, nays 17.

Numerous petitions and reports were presented.

A large number of unimportant Bills, of which previous notice had been given, were introduced and referred.

Mr. Dayton called up the Bill to change the time of holding U. S. Courts and District Courts in the Western and Eastern Districts of Pennsylvania. After explanation an engrossment of the Bill was ordered.

Mr. Underwood moved to take up the House resolution, authorizing the assignment of military land warrants. After debate the motion was withdrawn for the present.

The Bill to ascertain and settle private land claims in California was then taken up.

Mr. Gwinn commenced speaking in opposition to Mr. Benton's amendment, but the noise and confusion was so great in the Senate that several Senators demanded that order be preserved.

The Chair rapped several times with the gavel. Confusion continued. Mr. Foote asked, "Was there no special remedy?" The Chair said there was—to call the Senators, by name, to order.

Mr. Foote said he would be sorry to call any one to order by name, and would be particularly sorry to call by name the Senator from Texas, (Mr. Houston,) who had made his first appearance to-day.

Order being restored, Mr. Gwinn delivered a written speech in support of his Bill, and in opposition to Mr. Benton's amendment. He detailed the history, nature and number of private land claims in California, pointing out the defects in Mr. Benton's plan, and advantages of his own.

Mr. Benton replied, stating again all the objections to Mr. Gwinn's Bill and the superiority of his own, and, without concluding, gave way to an adjournment.

On the 9th, Mr. Jefferson Davis presented a memorial from a number of inventors in the United States, praying that the bill now before the Senate to amend the Patent Law, be postponed until next session.

The Committee on Pensions reported adversely on numerous petitions of private individuals.

Mr. Hale, from the same Committee, reported a Bill renewing the pension of the widow of Lieut. Macay. After some debate the Bill was ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Douglass called up the Bill providing for the free navigation of the St. Lawrence River, and then it was made the special order of the day for Jan. 28.

Mr. Pearce introduced a joint resolution on relinquishing to the State of Maryland two of the [illegible]

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, Jan. 11, 1851.

REMARKS—The market has been very quiet during the past week. The favorable advices from Europe have caused a better demand for Cotton, and prices are fully maintained. In Groceries and Provisions the transactions are on a very restricted scale. Breadstuffs are attracting more attention, and considerable purchases of Flour have been made for shipment. The arrival of near two millions of dollars in California gold dust, has imparted increased confidence to monetary affairs, and there has been an unusually large business done in Stocks. Exchange on England is firm at 110¼a110½.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There was a good demand for Flour on Monday, and 10,000 bbls sold at [illegible] per bbl part deliverable on board, but since prices [illegible] has been quiet. For city consumption brands [illegible] from $4,69 to 5,50 for common and extra. Corn Meal [illegible] Flour is dull and nominal at $3,50. [illegible] Sales of Pennsylvania at $2,87½ and Brandywine [illegible] $3,12½ per bbl.

The quantity of [illegible] and Meal inspected during the week ending the [illegible], comprised—

Wheat Flour	bbls	10,490
do.	half bbls	392
Rye Flour,	[illegible]	171
Corn Meal,	[illegible]	587
do.	hhds	20

GRAIN—There is little or no inquiry [illegible] and no sales have been reported. We quote Wheat, 98c a $1,02, and white at $1,09 a $1,11. Rye is [illegible] at [illegible]. Sales of Pennsylvania at 70, and Southern at [illegible] per bushel. Corn is scarce and in demand. Sales of 8a10,000 bushels new yellow at 61a61½c, and white at 58c. Oats—But few arrivals. Sales of 3a4,000 bushels Southern at 43, and Pennsylvania at 44a45c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Prime is held firmly. Small sales of Mess at $13a13,50, and Prime at $9,25 per bbl. Bacon—Hams sell at 8a10c. The market continues bare of Sides and Shoulders. Sales of 7a800 kegs Lard at 8c per lb. Butter and Cheese are in limited request, but without change in prices.

AMERICAN FABRICS—The market continues quiet, and there is no change to notice in prices.

BARK—The market has been limited, and prices [illegible]

[illegible]

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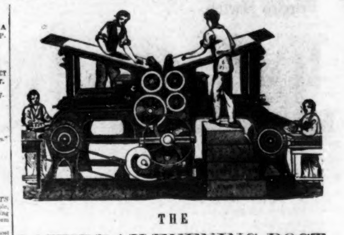

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In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelets, we design publishing other and shorter Novelets from authors of admitted celebrity. We have two now on hand, which we shall publish as soon as possible:

THE IRON HAND, by T. S. Arthur, Esq.

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And mark this! What the proprietors of the Post promise, they perform—or do better. They do not announce a long list of distinguished contributors with whom they have made no arrangement, and whose stories never appear. Such a system may delude an intelligent public *one* year, but it will not answer a *second* time. If the public are humbugged *once*, it is the fault of the humbugger; if *twice*, it is their own.

In addition to such choice original articles, involving a large outlay of money, the columns of the Post will contain a great amount of Miscellaneous reading—such as the

CREAM OF THE FOREIGN PERIODICALS,

Witty and Humorous articles Selections from the Agricultural Journals, Riddles and Conundrums, etc., etc.

REPORTS OF LECTURES.—During the past year we gave the celebrated Lectures on Shakespeare, by Mr. Dana; and the instructive and interesting ones of Dr. Baird upon Europe—LETTERS FROM ABROAD—GENERAL NEWS—Reports of the Markets—a Bank Note and Stock List, etc., etc.

One or more PORTRAITS of remarkable persons, or PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES are also weekly given.

A MORAL PAPER.

In conclusion, we may say—that we shall maintain for the Post the character it has acquired of being a strictly moral paper; one that a parent may allow to go freely before his innocent sons and daughters. We need hardly repeat here, that the Post has done more to prevent the publication and sale of immoral works, than any half-a-dozen other papers in the land. *A careful guard shall also be kept, as heretofore, over our* Advertising Columns, *that nothing of an improper character may obtain admittance.*

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-nine years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now the *largest* list of subscribers of any paper of the same class, in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by *any* rival.

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Selected Poetry.

MY OWN, MY GENTLE ONE.

They talk of sunshine in the sky, and blossoms on the earth,
They speak the beauty of the days, in songs of love and mirth,
They say the abundance of a heritage shall be their bright lands,
They point out all that warms the day, and moon that cheers the night.
I do my eyes to watch the sky, I do not care to see
The tender hue the evening casts o'er the waves of the deep;
For I'd rather see my life reward'd, but tears are to be shed.
The gay airy song of merry men, or evening cloud of red.
No, no, my Mary, I would rather hear, and see, and feel
For well I know there's fairer still, my own, my gentle one.

I long for music others dance most eloquent and strong;
The mushy hurt above my head—the warbler at my feet
The laughing tones of childhood's glee that gladdens while they greet
The colors on the Winter time—the rainbow in the sky
But never do I think those tones so beautiful to me
When their words from a kinder heart confess that heart is mine.
There is no melody of sound that hails my soul so given,
As when I hear my simple name breathed by thy happy voice;
And Mary, I will never believe that flower, or star, or sun,
Can ever be so bright to me, my true, my gentle one.

HAPPY DAYS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Come back—come back!—what is the word I hear?
Who will come back?—and over what sea?
Where left we our in the eternal grave,
And sadness and sorrow, and pain?
Come back! and let us roam once more,
Love-scented through life's pleasant ways,
And gather threads—as of yore!

Come back—come back!—what is the word I hear?
Come back—come back!—it is a happy sigh!
To whom shall it come back, to whom present the
For nothing is changed on earth!
Had sweet the breeze of our youth?
Come back! and let us still believe
The prayers—the dreams—the hopes—the vows—
Not trust the vain that once deceived.

Come back!—come back!—what is the word I hear?
Come back, oh, treasure of the past!
Where every dear moment for and fond
Will be enwrapt once more!
And all the shadows left behind.
Come back! Still come—true hearts, we know
They can—they will—they must!
The worst be it can be here,
They come—they can—the happy days!

Selected Sketch.

EMINENT WITS AND THEIR WITTICISMS.

[We take from the "Boston Museum" the following amusing article upon English Wits and Witticisms:]

Lord North is not a name likely to find much favor with Americans; because of the unfortunate position he ever chanced to hold in the Ministerial Councils of England, at the time the pot tossed and made seethed George III. resolved to subjugate the North American colonies. Yet it is now beginning to be understood that the Minister was much less to blame than the Monarch, and that the latter was far from being the best man he has so long been painted. It is of course to the virulent invectives by which the colonists were assailed from England, and the Declaration of a great Western Empire laid. Those measures were the Knight and the Premier; and the chief fault of the latter was, that he did not know the King to his own frontiers when he found him unbearable to manage.

But we have nothing to do with Lord North's politics. It is as a man of all that we are to speak of him. He was a wity man in an age of wits, and could let no hard to any man in those Parliaments in which he bore so strong a part. He was also a man of the most happy-natured good temper, which the most ferocious attacks of his enemies could never shake, nor be more was ever more fiercely attacked. One of the best of his sons was that he greeted at the appointment of William Pitt. Upon one of Lord North's oldest adherents, Mr. Bunbury, once, and went over to Pitt, in 1784, in regular fear which he was made Envoy Extraordinary to France, for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty between the two countries. Eden subsequent matter relating to trade and commerce, perhaps, better than any man in the British Empire; and he therefore was selected to be the chief leader, by saying that his joining Pitt "was not caused by any change of political attachment, but merely rose from a temporary affair of trade, which he was appointed to negotiate," to which Lord North replied,

"You need not trouble yourself to explain the matter—I have always considered his whole transaction as a mere affair of trade."

Another instance of the kind Antony is told. Every one knows that the Fox and North coalition turned out badly for the parties engaged in it, and was most violently attacked. One member of the House of Commons said that he would like to have a shield placed in a cage in the House, for the purpose of receiving all of them, "stained candour." His bitterest wity quickly told him that he thought the honorable member himself very aptly filled the place of the shield.

An English writer, who knew Lord North well, says that he "committed the chaces of political subtlety. Hirsute and playful, never became acrimonious." He also says that he was naturally and constitutionally gay, facetious and blessed with an euphonious quality of temper. How different is this from the common American idea of the British Premier, during the war of our Revolution! Lord North was afflicted with blindness during his later years, and he bore the greatest of misfortunes with the resignation of a Christian philosopher.

The conversation and sayeties of Dr. Dodd were the work of Lord Chesterfield—not to Lord Chesterfield. It is hardly necessary to form the reader—whom letter he had been. It was generally thought very hard in that noblemen that he should have so vindictively pursued a clergyman and a friend to a shameful death for so comparatively venial offence as forgery; and therefore, he sometimes, as the phrase "caught it." Among his friends was the Earl of Berkeley, who had made himself famous by either killing or wounding several highways-men. Meeting the Earl, Lord Chesterfield said,

"Berkeley, when did you last dispatch a highwayman?"

"Chesterfield," was the answer, "your king is since you hung a parson!"

The answer was severe.

Among the members of the House of Commons at the same time with Fox and North, was Mr. Courtenay, who was a man of more solid than most of his friends, though he has not a very high place in the political history of England. Wendall describes him as a competent by but in manners, dress and deportment, out possessed of great mental powers and extensive acquirements. He will, according to the same authority, "was always a gentleman, generally courteous and satirical, not unfrequently indecorous to offensive in his mode of attack. He possessed a considerable power of oratory, interspersed by fine wity, and bestowing sentiment from time to every subject, even the most serious." He it was who impudently complimented Lord Mansfield—whom, he said, no man could accuse of profound reverence, when he rebuked how loud his remarks need him for having been a speech of Lord Ashley's glorious victory of the 15th of April, 1782. He charged Wilkes, who rejoiced horribly, with being envious upon Mr. Burke's rags a treatment of the Regent.

It was Burke who called Sir Watson Hastings and the other British tyrants of India not only suppressed the natives of that country, but took from them the very spices the use of which had enabled them to obtain a temporary forgiveness of their misery. One of the most telling repartees of Burke's terrible long was in reply to the statement of some one that a people had been oppressed by Mr. Hastings at Benares, the very place where he was charged some time before by and committed one of the very greatest of those acts of tyranny which appeared in the articles of impeachment. "Benares!" said he, "it was no reason for astonishment in the incident which had been represented as striking. It knew something of the mythology of the Brahmins. It knew that, as they worshipped some gods from hate, so they worshipped others from fear. It knew that they avenged sinners, not only by the malignant decree of fate and passion, but also by the female who pounds over small-coal and tanner. Nor did he at all dispute the claim of Hastings to be admitted into such a Pantheon." An eminent writer, himself one of the most successful of public men, has declared that this reply was one of the finest ever made in Parliament—"It is," he says, "a grave and forcible argument, decorated by the most delicate wit and fancy."

Lord Mansfield was often very happy at a "hit." Sir Fletcher Norton was what is commonly called a "rough diamond," in other words, a brute in everything except his ability to walk on two legs. He was once pleading a case involving property law before the great Chief Justice, and he proceeded to illustrate it in this manner:—"I, my Lord, have two wives, and you pronounced the last word as if it were written with a—a—a—I will know that, Sir Fletcher," was the blunt remark of Mansfield.

Mr. John Robinson was Secretary of the Treasury under Lord North, and very active in the business of bribing members of the House of Commons. Sheridan having alluded to a government agent by whom members were corrupted, and by whom, "What is that?" he asked. "Sir, I used the phrase, in reference to my Lord Robinson."

Sheridan made a great deal of money by the one to which he put Mark Lewis's famous play—"The Castle Spectre," but the author never could get a penny of it for himself, which made him very sore. "I will make you a great bet, Sheridan," said Lewis to him on some particular occasion, Sheridan's practice of betting being known to his friends as that of wine. "What is that?" he asked. "I'll bet you the proceeds of the Castle Spectre," answered Lewis. "And I'll make you a round bet," said Sheridan, "and double or quit?" "What it is worth," retorted the wit.

Sheridan was one of the most of the wits of Burdon, and brother of the eleventh Earl, who was a man in whom the "eccentricities of genius" ran to seed. The family was ancient and noble, but very poor at the time of the birth of the future Chancellor of England. The child's mother said in after days, when his brothers and sisters had crept and risen to eminence, "Everything is so." We believe there are a great many debts of honor still owing to give them a title, which could be wiped out with something less excoping than a bankrupt law.

The first Lord Eldon was Lord Chancellor, and the subject of a good deal of Lord Chancellor whether he attend the grand Ministerial fish dinner, to be given at Greenwich at the end of the session, to which he considered to be out of place to be present at a fish dinner to which the *Great Seal*?"

When Mr. Pitt's friends gave wild beasts at Exeter Change, brought an action against the proprietors of a stage-coach for negligence, whereby the wild animals were injured. The plaintiff's box of the vehicle, he himself having been riding on the box. "Why did he not," said Erskine, who was counsel for the defence, "take a lesson from the elephant, and trumpet, and travel with his trunk before him?" He was this case in defence of law, and the charging of the judge, which the Jury found it was an undoubted case.

The joke did the business, it is probable.

He was once dreadfully plagued by the stupidity of a witness, who could not distinguish difference between the two kinds of whalebone, the "soap" and the "stick," upon which he cautioned—Why, man, you do not seem to have the difference between what is dead and what is long." Now, I'll tell you the difference: one is dead-headed, and you are not long-headed."

Being counsel for the plaintiff in an action on a lover's bill, where the defendant was that his clothes were very ill-made, and particularly that the coat was deficient in dimensions and in workmanship, and the defendant's witness having accordingly sworn that "one of them was long enough for either," Erskine cross-examined the witness, will you swear that one of them was long enough for the other?" The witness, who was evidently answered in the negative, of Erskine turned to the counsel and said, "You have the witness, my lord."

He was once crossing Hare and Hound, and was a ordinary driver most unmercifully pestered by a miserable wretch of a poor hack-horse and, in connecting with him excited this answer:—"Why, my friend, I am not surprised at your horse's being lame, for he has had a great deal to do with asses." Another time, when he was about to have poor Peel come back." A gentle cupping upon an old client in the corner attracted Erskine's attention. "Why, my friend, you have consumed it. "It is Paul's apprehension," said Mr. Peel, "I know it." "Why," said Erskine, "you are not Knock." "Just like him," said the surgeon, "when he was living he used to be always engaged in some knock-down argument, and now he has nothing to do but—didn't you, Paul?" Knock-down Paul, as he was called, was immediately known.

He made the following riddle at the expense of George III.

I may not be dubb, though I have an ox to wear,
Nor yet a pig, though I have a sow to bear;
I'm proud it is parliament lend it to me,
Yet I'm not a member, but what am I? Sire!

Mr. Plumer, though an able lawyer, was a very heavy speaker. Pleading, one day, before the Chancellor, Erskine was observed to go to sleep. Originally, though it was known that he was engaged in a little client, from which Plumer's address detained him. Some of the spectators were disposed to rouse him, but Mr. Plumer, who could afford to be Chancellor's wife, requested, but Lord Holland, who knew him, intimated by asked for a sight of his note-book, where he found the following: "Infinity," the last of which was not yet dry—

"Oh, that my cursed intention
Were easily changed by wishing!
The hands so still and song temper,
Could move the Chancellor!

That move I can never dare not say,
I could not move the Chancellor by?

Fare having said to him—

"When you the I will write your epitaph."

"Then," said Erskine, "you will be dumb."

"This is almost a temptation, my dear doctor," was the reply.

Another joke is told of his at the expense of the mystic Great Seal. Captain Parry, at a dinner given to him by the Duke of Clarence, was asked what he had seen and had its crew had lived upon in the Polar Seas. "Why, my lord," said the Captain, "we lived upon—"

"They lived upon Seal."

"Upon Seal, my lord," said Parry, exclaimed Erskine, "if you keep them long enough."

The Duke of Queensbury having laid a case before him, he wrote, concerning it

"I am of opinion that this action will not lie unless it is caused by—"

His gardener, complaining to him that a severe drought was keeping up all vegetable life to his great loss, he replied—

"Then you must water by."

Fare having said to him—

"When you die I will write your epitaph."

"Then," said Erskine, "I shall